

Sweet Touch.

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30062463) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30062463>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Minecraft (Video Game) , Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Oral Fixation , Fluff and Smut , Sexual Tension , Resolved Sexual Tension , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Teasing , Hand & Finger Kink , Praise Kink , Finger Sucking , Oral Sex , Blow Jobs , First Meetings , Shy GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , dream knows everything , Feelings Realization , Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot , Porn with Feelings , Porn With Plot , george isn't as secretive as he thinks , Spit Kink , Size Difference , Anal Fingering , Anal Sex , Overstimulation , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Rough Kissing , Rough Sex , Explicit Sexual Content , Explicit Language , Consent , Humiliation , George has brat energy , Friends to Lovers , oral fucking fixation , Masturbation , Possessive Behavior , Jealous Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , kelsie deserves better tbh , carnival dates :D , once again , i have better oneshots than this bc i honestly ran out of i inspo for it
Language:	English
Collections:	anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2021-03-15 Completed: 2021-04-06 Chapters: 3/3 Words: 8182

Sweet Touch.

by Anonymous

Summary

Dream holds an index finger up to George's mouth. "Here," he whispers, searching for any hint of discomfort in his brown eyes.

George pokes out his tongue, rolls his bottom lip between his teeth as he glances between Dream's face and his fingers. "A-Are you sure?"

George has an oral fixation, and he's about to run out of fucking suckers.

(planning on rewriting <3)

Notes

i'm rewriting this so it's better :)

so, pls for the love of god, read my other stuff, it's sooooo much better. i'm serious.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Sucker for you.

George has an oral fixation.

The feeling of something in his mouth brought him peace of mind. The *satisfaction* he receives from swirling his tongue around roughly anything brings him such highs he can't come down from.

Nobody knows about this, of course. It's his own guilty pleasure—he's able to control himself for facecam streams. Otherwise, there's usually a sucker shoved in his mouth whenever he's not sleeping.

George has an oral fixation, and he's about to run out of fucking suckers.

He packed all of the hard-candy he had for his trip to Florida, but upon the first six hours of being in the states, he's gone through almost half of them, picking out the suckers—those were his favorite.

Dream, however, seemed oblivious to his fixation.

Kind of.

When he had strutted out of airport security, Dream had noticed the white stick of a lollipop prodding from George's mouth, and when he asked, the Brit just said he liked sweets.

Dream seemed to believe it.

But as the hours passed by, he noticed the brunet seemed to always have something in his mouth, ranging from lollipops to Jolly Ranchers to bubblegum.

Whatever Dream thought. Guess George really did like candy.

-

George sat with his knees pulled into his chest, delicate lips wrapped around his thumb, staring at the cliché rom-com playing on TV.

A slither of the Florida sun peeked through the blinds of Dream's home, the strays of light shining on his face.

It was early, probably too early for him to be awake, but he was jet-lagged and couldn't sleep—he's tempted to get a piece of candy from his bag, but he's already almost out, and he needs to save them.

The faintest noise of a door opening has him quickly pulling his thumb from his mouth, wiping the spit on his sweats.

His name is called out, the gruff voice being recognized as being Dream. “In here!” George calls back, pushing his tongue along his teeth.

It’s still oddly weird to hear the other’s voice in person, being so used to hearing it over Discord.

“What are you doing up so early?” He sounds closer. George looks to the left, finding a sleepy male shuffling over to the couch.

His blond hair is ruffled, eyes slightly closed as he tries to adjust to the lighting. If George didn’t know any better, he would’ve thought he looked pretty.

George shrugs, watching Dream with intent as he sits down across from him. “Couldn’t sleep.” He fidgets with his fingers, wanting to stick his thumb back into his mouth; however, he knew Dream would think that was weird.

“Jet lag?” George nods, averting his gaze to the TV—some girl is crying. Dream hums. It’s a little awkward, to say the least.

Usually, the two could spend hours upon hours talking about random things. But that was when George was halfway across the world, not sitting in *Dream’s* house and on *Dream’s* couch.

Dream notices the other’s fidgeting, giving a weird look before reaching out for the remote that sat next to George, making the other flinch. “Jesus, George. Calm down.” He jokes, and George was quick to apologize.

His anxiety is through the roof, and he needs something to help.

He needs a lollipop.

“I’ll be right back.” George mumbles, getting up from the sofa, and marches his way to the guest room—well, his room now.

Lifting the comforter, he finds his assortment of hard candies. Rummaging through it, he desperately tries to find the suckers, ultimately not finding any. Fuck, guess he’s officially out of his favorite.

He sighs, pursing his lips to a pout, and settles for a raspberry Jolly Rancher, stuffing the wrapper back into the bag.

His anxiety settles, and his tongue presses the candy against the inside of his cheek. He didn’t know his fixation had gotten this bad; it’s only been a few hours since he had a sucker in his mouth.

“You want me to get you some more?” Dream’s booming voice rasps from behind him.

George jumps—it feels like he’s going through withdrawals—processing the question for a moment. “Uh...W-What?” He raises a brow at the other. The blond only smirks, leaning against the door frame.

Dream nods at the bag in George’s hand. “You want me to get you some more suckers?”

The brunet stumbles over his words, cheeks flushing at the fact Dream had figured him out so quickly. He thought he was nonchalant about it. “How...How did you find out?”

Dream looks at him for a second, face scrunched up with confusion. “Find out what?”

Oh, fuck. George thinks, lips parting slightly. “Nothing.” He shakes his head, looking down at the bag. “But yeah, that’d be nice.”

“Do you prefer a certain flavor?”

George thinks for a quick moment, his favorite flavors of lollipops flashing through his mind. “Cotton candy.” His mouth waters slightly, the Jolly Rancher is almost already melted from his spit—unreasonably fast.

He digs for another one, opening the wrapper with his teeth before popping it into his mouth. Dream watches him intensely, a small theory forming in his head. “Okay,” He says, almost strained. “I’ll try and get you some tomorrow.”

They stare for a moment, Dream’s eyes eating at George’s soul slowly. Gulping, George breaks the eye-contact first, careful not to swallow the chunky piece of candy.

“Well, I’m gonna try and get some sleep.” He mutters, becoming aware of how tired he is. Setting the bag back on the bed, he waves his hand as an indirect request for Dream to leave his room.

Dream grips the doorknob. “Oh, yeah. I’ll be in the living room if you need me.” He smiles, noticing the intense gaze George has on his hand.

Closing the door, he thinks.

-

So, George has an oral fixation. We’ve established this. But Dream, being the clever fellow he is, was catching on quickly.

Though in Dream’s head, it wasn’t *fully* confirmed.

However, he does notice how fidgety George gets when he doesn’t have anything in his mouth, how he bites furiously at his lips until they almost bleed—Dream sometimes even catches him with his thumb shoved halfway in his mouth sucking on it.

He also notices how all of those actions stop as soon as a lolly or any sort of hard candy was shoved in his mouth.

So being the good friend he is, Dream finally goes to the store and buys George a pack of one hundred suckers two days after he said he would—all ironically cotton candy flavored.

George seems ecstatic, quickly shoving his small hands into the bag. “Thank you, Dream.” His face lit up with happiness, and Dream thinks it’s the prettiest thing he’s ever seen.

Theory confirmed.

Dream now secretly knows George has an oral fixation. He doesn't know how he brings it up—doesn't want to embarrass George like that anyway. So he supposes he could suffice with getting George his favorable candies for now.

It's around eight o'clock when Dream suggests watching a movie—Harry Potter, to be specific. George agrees, happily springs off his bed, and runs to the couch, four lollipops in hand.

Dream chuckles to himself, grabbing a sucker for himself. After all, he did buy the damn bag.

When he gets to the living room, George already has the first Harry Potter movie pulled up, ready to play and a lolly stuck in his mouth.

He spins it around in his mouth, not yet noticing Dream. His tongue pokes out, swirling around the pink candy, and the blond can't help but *think*. Can't help but think about that same tongue lapping around his cock. God, how he could give George something *else* to suck on besides a stupid lollipop.

He knows thinking about his best fucking friend like *that* is entirely out of their non-spoken boundaries.

But he can't help himself.

Ever since he had even considered George had an oral fixation, he just couldn't stop himself from imagining the prettiest boy he's ever seen on his knees in front of him, dick halfway down his throat.

And he just knew George would love it. Knew George would take it like the good—

"You seem excited for Harry Potter." Dream chimes, pushing the sinful thoughts to the back of his head to unpack at another time—preferably when he's alone.

George smiles up at him with eyes Dream swears there are sparks behind. "Yeah, I know you haven't seen it before."

There's a gentle warmth in the room—shadows slipping down the curve of George's nose from the lamp that illuminates the four walls.

His fingers are wrapped delicately around the stick of the sucker, and oh, does Dream wish he could be in the lolly's place.

"You don't know that." He jokes, plopping on the other side of the couch. "I've watched...magic realms before?" Dream motions to the TV, making a noise, indecisive as George gives him a knowing look.

"Really?"

Dream looks back at George, shaking his head. "Nah."

The Brit giggles, lollipop stuck between his teeth. It's already almost melted. *Damn, he must be really good at sucking on things*, Dream thinks to himself.

His eyes are pinned on the sucker, more how George's mouth wraps around the ball of candy, how his tongue laps around the sweet so delicately and—*fuck, the thoughts are back.*

Dream wonders what George would do if he offered his fingers as a replacement—would he suck on them like he does the candy?

“Uh... Dream?” His eyes flicker back up to George’s, embarrassment flushing in his cheeks. “What are you...”

Dream shakes his head. “Nothing, don’t worry about it, Georgie. Just play the movie.” George gives him a weird look, already on his way to put another lollipop in his mouth.

Fuck.

How long was Dream going to last without slipping up?

-

Four hours and thirty minutes—and no, he wasn’t counting.

George ran out of suckers a few minutes into the third movie, eyeing Dream’s hands every now and then—sometimes even twitching his own.

And Dream, being the absolute tease he is, kept messing with his fingers, knowing the older man was staring at them.

George lets out a heavy sigh, shifting his position on the couch, so his knees were pulled to his chest.

Dream smiles, saying, “Come here.” relishing how George almost immediately listens, and a few seconds later, the brunet was by his side.

He’s on his knees, hands placed between his thighs as he looks up at the blond, and Dream almost thinks he looks cute like that.

Dream holds an index finger up to George’s mouth. “Here.” He whispers, searching for any hint of discomfort in his brown eyes.

George pokes out his tongue, rolls his bottom lip between his teeth as he glances between Dream’s face and his fingers. “A-Are you sure?”

The pads of his finger trace George’s lips and a whimper catches in his throat. He’s careful to swallow it as he drops his jaw, allowing Dream to slip his finger in. His tongue is quick to prod at the intrusion. The feeling of something finally being back in his mouth made him keen.

Dream presses down on his tongue, a feeling he can’t quite place bubbling in his chest as they stare into each other’s eyes.

But wait.

George pulls back. “How do you know?” He’s embarrassed, quiet, and shy with his words.

Dream chuckles, dragging his thumb along the bottom of George's lip, rubbing the spit. "You can't exactly keep it a secret when you're sucking on something every hour of the day, now can you?"

A blush is painted on his cheeks as he wraps his lips around Dream's thumb. Dream coos. "Always have to have something in your mouth to be satisfied...don't you, baby?"

The name slips off his tongue, accidental. But he doesn't correct himself; he just lets it hang in the air between them.

George hums, coaxing Dream's thumb with spit before he pulls off again. "Yeah..." He mutters, shifting his position, so his head is lying in the other's lap, sucking on Dream's middle finger as they watch the movie.

They don't talk about it after that.

If anything, it's become more awkward between them, but not in the sense of *oh, I don't know what to say anymore*, but instead...

Actually, Dream doesn't know.

But there is tension, and it's rising quickly like a tidal wave. And before they know it, it's going to crash down on them.

I want you, officially.

Chapter Summary

George comes to terms with his feelings, finally.

Chapter Notes

hiiii :D

i decided to upload because it's been a while, so here ya go. it's not s e x yet but it's gonna happen next ch i promise lol.

follow my twitter for updates and to request prompts! @dnfsinner

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George sat mindlessly on the kitchen counter, lollipop in his mouth as he observed Dream stirring pieces of meat, the faintest noise of sizzling grease popping in the air around them.

Dream offered to cook dinner—wanting to show off his culinary skills. George obviously said yes, hoping to finally eat the extravagant meals Dream brags about making.

He notices it smells good—whatever *it* was, Dream wouldn't tell him yet.

Twirling the lollipop around in his mouth, he rakes his eyes over Dream's back, taking in how the taut muscles flex with almost every movement of his arm. He looks strong—hell, *he is strong*—and George wonders how the hell someone could be so fit for playing Minecraft like it's a competitive sport.

He lets out a soft breath, shifting his gaze to the floor. His mind is still trying to process the other day; he still doesn't believe Dream found out about his fixation. As the other said, he isn't exactly secretive about it, though you have to give him credit for trying.

He was bound to find out eventually. Though maybe it could've gone a different way.

George honestly half-expected Dream to find out and just never bring it up—letting George live happily with the fact that his secret was definitely a secret. But no, the blond just *had* to offer his fingers as a replacement, and that didn't fucking help with the inner turmoil the Brit was going through.

Which were his feelings.

He's never been remotely good at expressing them, let alone even coming to terms with them, but he knows what he feels with Dream—it's the first time he has ever felt something so strongly for a

man.

George *knew* something like this would happen, and he was doomed to fall for the other man; it was practically written in the fucking stars. Their flirtatious bantering paved the way for this, and the only thing left to do was drive down that road and accept the inevitable—

Which George had gone through hell and back to avoid that onset.

But he will admit, being with Dream—romantically, sexually, or even platonically—didn't sound too bad now that they've met. Well, maybe that last one would take a bit to accept, but he'll burn that bridge when he comes to it.

However, he doesn't think that their relationship is, at all, platonic. Yeah, jokes were *just jokes*, but there's always that one joke that goes too far, always teetering on the edge of death, exposing a pure vulnerability in their words—

Yet, neither of them stop it.

And so, George knows he's ready to drive down that road but is Dream?

He wants to know if Dream is confused with his own feelings as well, wants to know if his head is all foggy and blurred with what's real and what's not.

George pulls the ball of candy between his teeth and looks back up to the blond, who abruptly turns around with a smile on his face.

With this newfound realization of his feelings, George finds the meaningless expression slightly beautiful.

The blond steps towards him, pulling the lollipop from his mouth, and before he can complain, a piece of meat is shoved in its place. "See if you like it."

George chews, savoring the taste of lemon-pepper seasoning. "It's good." He mumbles out, reaching for his lollipop, only for it to be pulled away.

Dream clicks his tongue, an evil grin worming its way on his face. "Stick out your tongue." He orders, voice barely above a whisper.

"W-What...?" George stumbles over his words once more, awestruck by the request.

"*Stick out your tongue, George.*" Dream's voice dropped lower than he's ever heard it go before, and it set his skin ablaze, carving Dream's name into his skin with a pink, delicate blush.

George complies, purposely avoiding the other's gaze as he rolls the candy across his tongue, the older having to hold back a whimper from the stimulation. He tries to ignore the tightening sensation in his sweats, tries to tell himself that he isn't enjoying this as much as he thinks he is.

But he is enjoying it.

Way too much.

As Dream pulls the sucker away, he instinctively wraps his lips around the ball, eyes flickering back up to meet Dream's, silently pleading for the other just to let him have his lolli back.

The blond only chuckles in response, tugging the candy away, to which George pouts and crosses his arms over his chest. "What?" Dream asks, snarky as he plops the lollipop into his mouth. "Don't you ever get tired of sucking on the same things every day?"

George watches as Dream bites down, and chews, the crunching sound buzzing in his ears. "Not really, no." He says, looking down at his thighs.

Dream mumbles something under his breath as he turns back to the food. His words have George snapping his eyes back up, the words filtering through the air and settling in his ears.

"I could give you something to suck on."

He wants to ignore the feeling he gets from less than appropriate words. Wants to ignore the scenarios which involve Dream fucking his mouth flashing through his head.

But he can't.

So, he lets himself dive into the most dangerous parts of his mind, allows himself to walk into the thoughts that should probably be left to be unpacked at a different time.

He wants to know if Dream would hold up to the words he so delicately muttered a few seconds ago; he hates that this trip had caused so many new feelings, that of which were burning under his skin, waiting for the right moment to pop up.

It was inevitable.

They were inevitable.

But it all depends—Who is going to take the first step down that road?

Who is finally going to make the wave crash down?

George snapped out of his mind when Dream announced the food was finished. The loud scraping of a metal fork against the frying pan made the hairs on his neck stand, tingles washing through his body at the awful sound.

"Could you get the plates?" Asks Dream, pointing to one of the shelves. "They're in there."

George obliged, hopping off the counter. Looking between the cabinet and Dream's turned back, he raises an eyebrow—he isn't short per se, but the cabinets seem extraordinarily high up. With a roll of his eyes, he opens the door, noting that the plates were also high up.

Well, fuck.

He stands on his tip-toes, shaky hands barely brushing the edge of the plates. When they don't budge, he lowers his hand in defeat, quickly turning around, not expecting to run into a muscular body.

A breath of surprise escapes his throat as he realizes the blond was almost towering over him, trapping George between him and the counter.

Dream's body practically covers him. And he's close; George can feel the body heat he emits—or maybe it's his own. "W-What are you doing...?" His cheeks turn a darker shade of red from Dream's intense gaze.

A long arm snakes around his hips, bringing them forward to brush against Dream's, the brunet having to hold back a noise. George pushes down the urge to ask Dream to do it again, wanting to feel the spikes of pleasure that sparked in his stomach once more.

"Nothing." Dream mutters, a smirk rising to his face as he lets go of George, reaching above his head for the plates.

George could only huff, his hopes of something more happening being crushed under his fingertips as he wiggles out from under Dream. *Egotistical prick.*

-

It's late. Late enough that George should probably be asleep by now, but here he is, staring up at the ceiling like it's covered with stars, thinking about Dream again. And it's not in a PG way.

His fantasies from earlier came back once he was settled in bed, sheets tucked snugly around his small frame, and almost asleep—an image of Dream forcing him down on his knees just had to flash past his mind. Now, he's stiff in his sweats, fighting the urge to jack off to the thought of Dream, something he's never done before.

A breathless *fuck* is punched out from his throat, hands coming to cover his flushed face. He had just realized he liked Dream romantically, and now he's already having sexual thoughts.

It honestly gives him whiplash from how his mind can go from wanting to hold Dream's hand to wanting to suck him off in the middle of the night.

His tongue pushes along the bottom of his teeth, anxiety rising due to the lack of objects in his mouth. So to deal with this, he inserts his thumb, imagining that it was Dream.

He figures his erection isn't going to go away anytime soon, so he lets himself fall into sweet fantasies, lowers his free hand to the band of his sweats, wrapping fingers around the strings that tie the fabric to his hips.

The pulse of his cock has him slipping his hand under the band, hissing as he wraps around himself. He's never been *this hard* in his entire life.

Bells are ringing in his head, telling him he's going to regret this tomorrow, but he can't wait any longer; he needs to get off so he can sleep comfortably.

A muffled moan slips from his lips as he sucks on his thumb, moving his hand slowly up and down the length of his cock. Thoughts of Dream encourage his movements to quicken, the skin-on-skin contact making his mind go a little hazy.

It's almost as if he can *feel* the other's hands on his body from how intensely he is thinking about Dream. God, how he wishes he could feel those calloused hands on his skin. They would feel so amazing.

He wonders if Dream would be rough with him. Rough with his words and movements and thrusts and kisses. Fuck, how George wants to feel the drag of his cock as he fucks his ass. He wants to feel everything.

A soft knock had him quickly pulling his hand away from his cock, thumb flying from his mouth as the door opens.

It's Dream.

"Hey, I can't sleep, so you wanna watch a movie?"

Kill him now.

George is flushing with embarrassment, and his comforter is quick to be splayed atop his erection, hoping Dream didn't overthink the action. "Uh...yeah. Sure." He plasters a fake smile on his face, heart racing at the fact he almost got caught.

Dream gives a sly smirk, raking his eyes over George's face. "Okay, come when you're ready."

Once he's gone, George lets out a breath he hadn't known he was holding. He had almost gotten caught. Holy shit. Fuck, he's still hard, but hopefully, it'll go down in time.

Chapter End Notes

tw t @dnfsinner

constructive criticism pls

ch 3 out soon

Louder, Whore.

Chapter Summary

After a confusing carnival trip, Dream proves to George that he is, in fact, Dream's.

Chapter Notes

haha this is SO MF RUSHED. i'm sorry if there are any mistakes i just wanted to get this done with lolllll

enjoy & follow me on twitter @dnfsinner

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The sickening motion of the carnival ride has Dream's stomach rumbling in the worst way possible. In addition to that, giggles that spill from his friend's mouth as he laughs at Dream's suffering is making him feel embarrassed. He's the one that's supposed to have a strong stomach.

The ride begins to slow, the pressure on his body becoming less and less, allowing him to have his motion back before the ride comes to a complete stop. Dream looks over to George, noticing how he doesn't indicate being sick to his stomach on his face.

The park attendant comes by, unbuckling them from their places. Maybe not eating before going on the ride was a bad choice.

Dream stumbles down the miniature steps, holding on to his stomach as George comes up next to him, a stupid smile on his face. "George..." he grumbles. "I-I need a break."

George laughs as he pulls a lollipop from his back pocket. "You sick?" he teases. "Who would've thought the big bad Dream couldn't handle a simple carnival ride."

"Shut up, George," Dream rolls his eyes, glaring down at the man. "I don't usually go to carnivals."

"So why'd you come?"

"Because you're here, and I want you to have fun."

"Yeah, whatever," George replies, dragging Dream by his arm, and attempts to hide his reddening face. "Let's go get something to eat."

The smell of carnival food sways in the air around them, the Brit bouncing excitedly beside Dream as they push through the crowd. "Come on, Dream!" he giggles, words muffled by the sucker prodding from his lips. Dream smiles at him, admiration in his eyes as he stares at the shorter male, quickly following behind.

Stars shine dimly above them, the much brighter carnival lights drowning them out. They're pretty, Dream thinks. But not as pretty as the brunet boy who is a few feet in front of him.

"George," he whines out. "My feet hurt." They've been walking around for a while now. After they had eaten, Dream had felt better, but now it's paining him to walk.

The eldest rolls his eyes, stopping so Dream could catch up to him. "You'll be fine, Dream. Just one more ride, and then we can go home," he holds out his pinky. "I promise."

Dream can't help the fluttery feeling his heart makes at the man's actions, can't help the fond smile that worms its way on his face as he accepts the other's pinky with his own. "Fine, but only one."

George returns the smile, white pearls flashing as he grabs Dream's hand and leads him wherever. How did Dream get so lucky?

After going on more than one ride—George had convinced Dream to do more, and Dream just couldn't say no to the older's requests—he's dragged to these ridiculously high swings. They look scary, especially since Dream has a major fear of heights. He was definitely going to die this time.

Dream instinctively pulls back before they were in line, making George turn around. "What is it, Dreamie," he smirks as Dream gulps and looks back and forth between George in the ride. "Are you scared of heights?"

"Maybe..."

"Oh," George smirks. "We are *so* getting rid of that tonight." He drags Dream over to the line despite the younger's complaints. "It'll be okay, Dream," he assures, squeezing the other's hand, sensing the fear.

It's funny—how their relationship has changed in the past week-and-a-half. Somehow, in some way, they've become closer even with all of the sexual tension surrounding them, which should be the exact opposite considering, well, them.

But it's all platonic, right?

Of course not, Dream.

*How is **any** of this platonic?*

"Okay," Dream whispers, pulling his hand from George's grasp; it had felt like it was burning his skin, and he needed to let it go. It was too intimate for being *just friends*. As he stares up at the swings, watching as it goes around and around, his heart begins to beat faster, thinking about all the possible things that could go wrong.

Like the wires snapping.

Or the belt not being tight enough, and he falls to his death.

Or mechanical errors happening, causing them to be stuck up there for hours.

The ride comes to a stop, groups of people stumbling out of their seats, barely being able to walk, which doesn't help Dream with his fears. The line begins to move, people boarding the swings, and thankfully, there isn't any room for the two boys this round. Redemption, Dream supposes.

"You know," a feminine voice has Dream's attention sparked. "We don't recommend having anything in your mouth when you're up there. Safety hazard." It's one of the park attendants, and she's talking to George.

George seems to enjoy the attention as he responds with, "You gonna hold it for me?" It's flirty, teasing, and it makes Dream irritated almost instantly.

She tucks her hair behind her ear, leaning forward on the podium she sits at. "Will you allow me to?" She smirks. "To look out for your safety, of course."

The two stare for a moment—it's almost as if Dream doesn't even exist anymore—before George pulls the sucker out of his mouth and hands it to her. "All yours," he says. Now that made Dream's blood boil, and he doesn't know why.

Well, he *does* know why, and it's because George was his, or so he thought. And maybe it was also because Dream liked George a little bit, and he wanted to be the one George handed the sucker to.

"I'm Kelsie," she says as she boldly places the candy in her mouth, sticking out her hand for the other to accept, which he does.

"I'm George."

A possessive strike washes through Dream's body, his arm shooting out on impulse to wrap around small hips, pulling George close to his body. "And I'm his boyfriend."

Kelsie and George both have something akin to shock on their face as Dream's fingers dig into George's hips. Dream smiles sweetly at the girl. "Now, if you don't mind, please leave us alone." She nods her head, turning her attention to the operating system of the ride.

As the ride stops and people make their way off, George is still in shock, giving the girl a sorrowful smile as they make their way to the swings, the other's hand still holding him tightly. Waiting until everyone is situated, Dream has the need to apologize for his actions, but George wouldn't let him, shrugging it off with an, "It's okay."

And it actually was okay.

If George is honest, he was kind of hoping Dream would give a reaction. Partly the reason why he flirted with the girl anyway. But he was not expecting Dream to call him his boyfriend. Nor was he expecting Dream to grab his waist so possessively. The harshness to his grip had George almost whimpering as he felt how *strong* the other was. To say the least, he liked it.

It was one of those things that they just don't talk about. Though Dream has been avoiding George recently. Always fleeing to his room after meals, giving George short responses, and it's partially for the fact Dream is fucking pissed at George. Pissed because he had fucking *jumped* at the opportunity to flirt with someone the moment they had seemed slightly interested.

And also because he feels bad about feeling this way. George wasn't his, though it seemed that way to the rest of the online world. And when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, George was, in fact, a free man and can do whatever he pleases even if they act like they're together.

But still, there's a part of Dream that had always wanted George just to himself, even when he was halfway across the world. And he's going to make sure of it.

It's around midnight when Dream finally has a plan etched out in his head.

Dream stalks his way down the hallway, mindful of the creaky floorboards as he stops in front of George's room. He fumbles with the sharpie he had quickly grabbed from his recording room, contemplating if he should go through with his plan or not. It's a little messed up since George is asleep, but he could probably play it off as a joke if things went wrong. Hopefully.

He pushes the door open, eyes landing on the sleeping man. George is lying on his back, comforter barely covering the length of his legs, and soft snores fall from his mouth. He almost looks as pretty as he does when he's awake, Dream thinks.

Before Dream knows it, he's stood next to the bed, admiring George up close.

Deciding to go through with his plan, Dream pulls up the hem of George's shirt above his belly button. Leaning down, he delivers ghost-like kisses to the soft skin of his stomach before sucking a pink mark that will be a dark amethyst come morning. He wants to make more, but he can't risk waking George up.

He pulls the marker cap off, sprawling out words below the love bite that he was sure were a bit out of line. With a satisfied smirk, Dream retreats to his room, the repercussion of his actions were something he'd deal with tomorrow.

—

Bright yellow hues peek through the curtains of a window, the Brit watching in wonder at the dust particles that float in the air. It was no later than noon when George woke up, remnants of sleep pushing him to fall back into a quiet slumber, but he fights it. He can hear soft music playing throughout the house, muffled by his closed door.

When had he closed the door? He remembers leaving it cracked before going to bed.

The light shifts in the room, sunlight now pouring onto George's face, deciding that now was a good time to pull himself out of bed. He doesn't bother to change out of his sleep clothes; instead, he grabs a sucker from his bag and heads to the kitchen.

A voice singing along to a simple melody has him smiling as he realizes it's Dream. Plopping the sucker in his mouth, he makes his way to the kitchen, finding the blond dancing in front of the stove, scrambling eggs.

George quietly slips in one of the bar stools, watching in admiration at the other. Compared to Dream's gloomy moods for the past two days, he seems to be in a good headspace.

Dream's voice is soft yet easily distinguishable, and George feels comforted by the sweet melody, closing his eyes just to listen. He's never heard Dream sing by himself before. During karaoke with Karl, Sapnap, and Quackity, he's only heard whispers of lyrics coming from Dream—but George decides that he enjoys Dream's voice over the others', the younger having a sense of how to harmonize.

When he notices Dream's voice stopped singing along, he opens his eyes, finding Dream staring at him from across the island. "What?" George questions, raising an eyebrow.

"What were you doing?" Dream scrapes the eggs into a bowl, keeping eye contact with George.

"Just listening," George eyes the other's hands, noticing the rings that decorate it. He twirls the lollipop in his mouth, impure thoughts beginning to parade his mind, wondering what it would feel like to have the cold metal of the jewelry resting on his throat, the pressure of Dream's hands leaving indentations—

It's way too early to be thinking about this.

"I didn't know you wore rings," he says, focused on the way Dream's hand curls around the fork he holds, the silverware looking awfully small in his grasp. If George were to bet, Dream's hands were definitely bigger than his. Long fingers not even coming close to the size of George's.

They meet eyes again, and George swears he can see a small fire blazing behind pools of olive-green, trickling down to spill under his skin.

"I do," Dream utters out, the corners of his mouth twitching to a smirk. "I don't usually wear them much anymore, but I thought why not," he wiggles his fingers, tendons flexing, and George has never wanted for something to be in his mouth so badly.

George gulps. "They...look nice on you," It's obvious the words are forced. Even Dream could tell that—hell, Dream could tell a lot of things when it came to George.

"Thank you," Dream boasts, his ego visibly inflating from the complement, which makes George almost regret his words.

The tension is becoming to the point that it's unbearable even to breathe, the Brit wanting to leave before he either says or does something he will regret. Dream tries to make conversation, but George brushes him off, not trusting his tongue to go against him.

—

After breakfast, George quickly rushes off, telling Dream he's taking a shower, to which the other

simply shrugs, his gaze lingering on George for a moment too long.

When he is in the safety of the bathroom, clean pair of clothes in hand, George lets out a staggered breath. It's only been two weeks since he's moved in with Dream, and it's starting to feel like hell.

All of the tension, teasing, sexual frustration that he's built up—all thanks to Dream for that last one—is making it feel like everything is closing in on him little by little. He's suffocating in his own desires. And George doesn't think he's going to survive any more of this.

God, what was Dream doing to him?

George tugs his shorts down, kicking the pool of fabric to the side before turning to the mirror. He looks almost as bad as he felt, hair tousled in all sorts of directions and flushed face contrasting with the paleness of his body. George begins to slip his shirt off, stopping mid-way as his eyes focus on black ink just above his hips.

“What...the fuck?” he whispers, a hand jumping to hover the mark. Scribbled out in messy handwriting is a message, clearly done by the only other person in the house:

'I own you :).'

That's when he notices a dark purple mark engraved below the words.

He traces the pad of his finger over the hickie, and a small whimper choked from his throat from the sensitivity. No wonder Dream was acting weird at breakfast; he had wanted to know if George found the message he had left.

There's a part of him that's upset, the stubbornness of his personality telling him that he isn't Dream's, that nobody owns him. But the other part of him is shocked, and slightly more turned on than he ought to be.

George flings the door open, marching out to the living room where the blond lay mindlessly on the couch, fiddling with his phone. Plucking it out of Dream's hold, George stares down at the man who seems smug.

“Yes, Georgie?”

The brunet lifts his shirt just enough so Dream could see. “What the hell is this shit?”

Dream chuckles, pushing himself up to sit. “I have no clue what you're talking about,” his sultry tone has George keening, but, of course, he doesn't show it.

“You don't own me, Dream,” George says, crossing his arms over his chest. Dream shuffles over, so he's sitting in front of George, staring up at him with playful eyes. “I'm not yours.”

Dream places a hand on George's hip, tugging him forwards. “You sure about that, sweetheart?”

“Y-Yes...” Dream's hand slips underneath the shirt, thumbing gingerly at George's skin before

digging his nail into the amethyst bruise, pulling a hiss from the older. George grabs at Dream's shoulder, suppressing a moan that catches in his throat.

"Do you wanna be mine, George?" whispers Dream, planting a soft kiss on his hip bone.

Of course, George does. He doesn't think he could be anyone else's besides Dream's. "Fuck...yeah. Yeah, please."

With that, Dream tugs George in his lap, lips crashing together in a fiery red kiss, muffling whatever noise George had let out during his fall. Big hands traveled from George's hips to the top of his back, nails dragging down the surface of the skin. It wasn't hard enough to be painful, but it did draw a small moan that is barely heard.

George helplessly tries to pull Dream closer, hands tugging at the blond locks, hips rolling down in a desperate attempt to create some sort of friction. "Want you," George mumbles. "Please, Dream."

"You do, baby?" Dream smirks, unashful and cocky. "How badly do you want me?"

Dream maneuvers George so that he's straddling one of his thighs, the brunet letting out a loud moan from the pressure of his cock pressing against the muscle. And through his lust-ridden haze, George instinctively grinds against Dream's thigh, Dream staring in awe at the boy.

"Look at you," Dream coos, brushing George's hair from his eyes. "Riding my thigh like the pathetic whore you are. Are you that desperate to get off?"

George nods, whimpering as he pulls Dream's fingers to his lips, swirling his tongue around them.

"You wanna cum just from this? Riding my thigh like a bitch?"

A broken moan falls from George's lips, mumbling a barely audible 'yes,' his hips move faster, tears forming at the corner of his eyes as his orgasm approaches quickly. Dream pushes his fingers on the pads of George's tongue, knowing how much stimulation it gives the man. Whimpers and whines seem like the only thing George knows how to do, being reduced to nothing but a moaning mess in Dream's grasp.

"Come on," pushes Dream. "Cum for me, George. Cum."

And George does, fingers slipping from his mouth, slumping down in Dream's arms as his orgasm washes over his body, cock pulsing in his underwear. Tears soak Dream's shirt. The intensity of his orgasm has his legs shaky and weak.

"Wanna suck you off...please."

"Then do it, sweetheart."

George had never moved quicker in his life, immediately dropping to his knees, hands jumping to unzip Dream's jeans. He tugs the fabric down his legs, along with his underwear, the younger lifting his hips to make the process easier.

Dream was a big guy, muscles and all, and George knew he would have a big dick, but he didn't expect it to be *that big*. It had the length *and* the width, and George couldn't help but imagine what it would feel like inside of him—then again, he's never actually felt anything inside him besides his fingers.

“See something you like, doll face?”

George snaps his head up Dream, licking his lips as he speaks. “I-It’s big.”

Dream hums, threading his fingers through George’s hair, guiding him to his cock. “More for you you have, I suppose,” George’s tongue hesitantly laps at the precum dripping from the tip, a hand softly gripping the base, fingers looking incredibly small compared to the muscle.

Dream groans, tilting his head back as George swirls his tongue around the tip. He’s only ever done this to a dildo, but with Dream’s reactions, George guesses he’s doing something right. The mixture of spit and precum salivates on his tongue, George swallowing it in one go.

“Shirt,” George says, pulling off momentarily. “Take it off.”

George is eager to take Dream back in his mouth, savor the bittersweet taste of precum that pools at the slit. This time, he lowers himself lower and lower, taking more of Dream’s cock until his nose is nestled at the base, and he’s fighting the urge to gag. As he pulls back, George grazes his teeth along the bottom of the shaft, the younger boy’s gasps stretching to a moan.

A string of spit connects George’s bottom lip to Dream’s cock before it breaks off, slipping to the floor. They don’t pay any mind to it.

Dream reaches a hand out to thumb at George’s red lips, gathering the collected spit. A part of him wanted to fuck George’s pretty mouth until he couldn’t speak, but the other part told him to take it slow, painful, drag it out, and Dream didn’t know what to listen to.

“How do you want this,” Dream mumbles. “Hard or soft? Fast or slow? Tell me—I’ll do whatever you want, sweetheart.”

George swallows thickly. “Be mean to me, Dream.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. Don’t hold back.”

Dream jerks George back to his lap, capturing him in another heated kiss, the taste of his cock still fresh on George’s tongue. “Who do you belong to,” Dream growls, teeth pulling at George’s lips.

George gasps. “You—I belong to you.”

“Good boy,” Dream stands, the older wrapping his legs around Dream’s waist as he carries them to the bedroom.

George is met with the soft cushioning of Dream’s bed, the bigger of the two situating himself between George’s legs.

“Hard again?” Dream teases, fingers pulling at the elastic band of George’s underwear. “Didn’t you just cum, sweetheart?”

“Shut up…”

The blond coos, peeling the fabric from his legs. “I’m just messing with you, baby.”

George’s cock leaks onto his stomach, a pool of precum forming with every twitch. Dream gazes with wonder before taking George’s shirt off, slinging it somewhere within the room.

“God. I’m going to ruin you.”

Dream reaches over to the bedside table, pulling a barely used bottle of lube from the drawer’s contents. George whines, bucking his hips as a sign for Dream to *hurry the fuck up*.

“Be fucking patient,” Dream grits out, dropping the bottle by George’s head.

George yelps when Dream roughly tosses him over on his stomach and sits him up on his knees, so his ass is high in the air, exposed. He feels Dream press his cock against his hole, the teasing action making him whimper into the sheets he desperately clinches on to.

Dream opens up the bottle of lube, pouring a generous amount onto three of his fingers before setting the bottle aside once again. George flutters from the cold sensation he feels, the digit circulating his hole.

“You ready?” asks Dream, the older boy pushing back against the fingers.

“Yes. Please, Dream...”

Dream presses a finger in, the feeling being barely enough for George, and it doesn’t take long until there’s a second. His fingers are slow and delicate, purposely avoiding the bundle of nerves that will make George lose his goddamn mind. Every time Dream even comes close, he pulls away, almost as if he’s torturing George with every drag of his fingers.

It gets harder and harder to avoid it; however, when Dream adds a third finger, he’s almost striking his prostate with every hit.

“Fuck!” George curses, legs shaking. “I’m gonna cum, Dream. Please!”

Just as George is on edge, Dream pulls his fingers out, wiping them on the bed as George whines. “Quiet, slut,” Dream growls. “Can’t have you cumming before having the real thing, now can we?”

Dream lathers his cock with lube, thrusting between George’s ass before pushing the head in and out. Teasing. George goes back against Dream, urging him to hurry up and fuck him already, to which Dream gives in.

George is hit with overwhelming sensitivity, his first instinct being to run away from the intrusion, but Dream keeps him in place, the older whining as Dream continues to push inside. How big was he?

When Dream’s hips *finally* connect with his ass, George lets out a sigh, getting used to the feeling before Dream begins to move, pulling out before slamming back in, forcing a pitiful, raw moan from George’s throat. Dream does this a few more times, striking George’s prostate dead-on with every thrust.

“You like this?” Dream whispers, snapping in and out of George. The older mumbles out something, the words being muffled by the sheets. Dream laces his fingers in brown hair, pulling the male up. “Louder, whore.”

“Fuck, yes!” George cries out, moans becoming louder. “Yes, I love it. I love your cock.”

Dream spits, releasing his grip on George’s hair. “That’s what I thought.”

The room is filled with heavy pants and moans. Whines of ‘*harder*’ and ‘*more*’ blabbered from

George's mouth as Dream fucks him at a relentless pace. With every thrust, the bed hits the wall, but the annoying sound is drowned out.

Dream tugs George up, so his back is flush to his chest. "Suck," he mutters out, shoving his fingers in George's mouth, the older gladly accepting the digits with grace.

It doesn't take much until George is coming all over himself and the bed, legs shaking and barely able to hold himself up anymore. Dream isn't far behind, coming inside George as he fucks them through their orgasm.

George slumps forward, falling on the bed as Dream pulls out, both wincing at the feeling.

"You okay?" Dream asks, using the corner of the sheet to wipe them clean.

George hums. "Yeah, just tired," Dream turns him over on his back, wiping his stomach of the sticky substance. "Thank you."

"For what?" Dream snorts.

"I don't know. Taking care of me, I guess."

Dream chuckles, leaning down to plant tender kisses over George's face. "It was a pleasure."

—

"So," George whispers once they've cleaned up, cuddling up next to each other. "Does this mean we're boyfriends now?"

"No."

The brunet looks up at Dream with a confused expression. "What—"

"I'm kidding, George. Of course, we are."

Chapter End Notes

i'm sorry this is rushed :(

constructive criticism

twit @dnfsinner

OKAY SO. i have a different acc where i plan to upload more serious fics based around gore and things like that so if ur interested check out my pesuds or whatever and subscribe to that if u want. okay bye

End Notes

constructive criticism

and again, please go check out persephoneily's fic!!

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